

JAZZ INFORMATION

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER 30

BARNES VICTIM OF DANCE HALL FIRE

Chicago, April 24. -- Walter Barnes, old-time Chicago reed man, perished with nine members of his twelve-piece orchestra in flames which destroyed the Rhythm Club in Natchez, Mississippi, last night.

The fire, which started at midnight in a club crowded with Negro dancers, took 198 lives altogether by fire, suffocation and panic.

Barnes, a conservatory-trained sax and clarinet player, had led his own orchestra for more than a decade, centering in Chicago and touring widely in the South. In earlier days he made a number of records for the Brunswick company. Names of the other musicians who died in the disaster are not yet available.

ELDRIDGE, HOLIDAY AT KELLY'S STABLE

New York. -- Roy Eldridge took his band into the new Kelly's Stable on 52nd Street yesterday, replacing Frankie Newton. Billie Holiday began a singing engagement at the spot simultaneously.

ZUTTY, BECHET THROUGH AT NICK'S

New York. -- Zutty Singleton and Sidney Bechet take their combinations out of Nick's in the Village at the end of this week. At press time, replacements could not be learned.

Chicago

Chicago, April 23. -- Johnny Long, now out of Swingland, is without a regular assignment at present. Grasping at straws, the club has installed a ten piece septet (whatever that may be). Popi went the Grand Terrace bubble -- opening indefinitely postponed. Fox may have seen Swingland's barren wastes or the barred doors of the Cabin Club; those would be enough to dissuade anyone.

Bratton's, later called the Secluded Rendezvous, then the Brown Jug, has given up the ghost as a night spot, and is now simply the T. S. Barbecue. Meade "Lux" Lewis played at Bratton's when it was the Rendezvous. Lonnie Johnson, Laura Rucker, Crosby Owens, Art Short, Lafayette Tonkin and a host of other familiar Southsiders played there during the Jug days.

George Woodford is on his first professional job at La Rue's, having replaced Laura Rucker who moved (Continued on Page 8)

Commodore Reprints Discography

GENERAL WAXES HARPSICORD BOOGIE

New York. -- General Records this week announced an album of jazz piano solos played on a harpsichord by Sylvia Marlow, classical harpsichordist now entertaining at the Rainbow Room.

Four of the six sides in the album are in boogie woogie style: "Honky Tonk Train", "Yancey Special", "Pine Top's Boogie Woogie", and "Boogie Woogie Rhapsody". "Bach Goes To Town" and "In An Eighteenth Century Drawing Room", Alec Templeton and Raymond Scott compositions respectively, complete the set.

SATURDAY NIGHT JAM IN CALUMET CITY

Calumet City, Ill. -- From a few to half-a-dozen at-liberty jam boys augment the 101 Ranch band on Saturday nights to make the swellest white jazz hereabouts. A young bass player, Albert Castler, standing in for the kicks, is rapidly becoming the star of the show.

Richard Fox's septet remains at the Siesta. No other group in C.C. can sound so much like a big band with all horns open. Charlie Chaney, at The Barn, puts his hot piano in the role of stooge for an awful mess of ribald humor. The piano may not be in tune except with Chaney's jive, nobody minds. Frank Melrose has left the Paddock, and is said to be in Hammond.

-- John Steiner.

TEDDY WILSON BAND TO SPLIT UP

New York. -- Teddy Wilson's band, less than one year old, is reported breaking up.

Wilson will probably build himself a "chamber jazz" combination, featuring seven or eight pieces.

AL GOLD TRIO AT VILLAGE BREWERY

New York. -- Al Gold, Chicago tenor sax and clarinet player formerly with Joe Marsala and Muggsy Spanier, opened last week at the Village Brewery on Fourth Street.

Gold, playing clarinet, has with him Jack Goss, guitar, and Earl Murphy, bass.

DELAUNAY'S WORK REPRODUCED IN NEW EDITION, AVAILABLE NEXT MONTH

New York. -- The Commodore Music Shop announced this week that it has obtained the rights to reprint Charles Delaunay's "Hot Discography" in the United States.

Discography, the most complete listing of hot records and their personnels ever assembled, has been unavailable for nearly a year, since the original French edition was exhausted. In response to continual demands, the Commodore is now preparing a new edition of the work, which will be published about the end of May.

According to Milt Gabler, head of the Commodore, the music shop's Discography will be identical with the present edition, except that it will be bound in standard book covers instead of paper. Price of the new edition will be two dollars.

Although the Commodore's private recordings and reissues of out-of-print classics have long held the attention of hot fans and record collectors, this is its first publishing venture. Meanwhile Charles Delaunay, author of the Discography now in war service in France, is still working on a supplement which will include only records not listed in the latest edition.

JOHN KIRBY INTO HICKORY HOUSE

New York. -- John Kirby's band is set to move into the Hickory House May 3, replacing Stuff Smith. Deloyd MacKaye will remain as relief pianist.

New York

New York, April 25. -- Muggsy Spanier returned to Chicago last week, and news of him ought to be forthcoming shortly.

Charlie McAmish joins Joe Marsala on trombone, replacing Brad Gowans. Gowans returns to Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laudes for their engagement in Chicago. The Freeman band is already out of the 47 Club and Snooks Friedman will open there Saturday. Sid Weiss, ex-Marsala bass man who left him to play with Tommy Dorsey for a short time, is now with Richard Himber.

"Jazzin' Babies Blues" was one of the sides cut by George White, for Decca's race list, on April 18. (Continued on Page 8)

JAZZ INFORMATION

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COLLECTORS' ITEMS

Herman Rosenberg of New York City gives us the personnel of the Victor records by Richard M. Jones' Jazz Wizards, obtained from Jones himself during his recent visit to this city.

Jones confirms reports that the trombone on "Novelty Blues" and Tickle Britches Blues" was played by Roy Palmer, New Orleans oldtimer who came up the river with Sugar Johnny's Creole Band. On the other records Billy Franklin plays trombone. The rest of the band: Shirley Clay, Jimmy McLery, Dave Nelson, cornets; Artis Starks, first alto; Omer Simeon, alto and clarinet; Emmett Hardy, tenor sax; Richard M. Jones, piano; Ikey Robinson, banjo; Bert Cobb, tuba, or Quinn Wilson, string bass; Walter Bishop, drums.

Incidental information: the Okeh records by Richard M. Jones' Trio feature Albert Nicholas, Jones and Johnny St. Cyr (banjo).

* * *

John Steiner, our Chicago and Milwaukee correspondent, sends the following notes on records listed in this column in the March 15 issue:

"Missouri Jazz Band, 'Stomp Off, Let's Go', Domino 3952. A six or seven piece group, led no doubt by Rec Nichols on cornet. One of the good examples of early Nichols jazz. Other similarly good jobs by small groups, probably led by or including Nichols and of approximately the same vintage are 1) the rather familiar 'After You've Gone' by the Golden Gate Orchestra, Perfect 14834 (or Palace Garden Orchestra, Pathe-Actuelle 36653) with Rollini's bass, and 2) the pair 'I Ain't Got Nobody -- Jelly Roll (Continued on Page 5)

READERS' COMMENTS

Montpelier, Vt.
April 20

To The Editor:

Go ahead, buy the records, you nice kids, pleasant kids, dirty bastards. You don't know what you're listening at, you pleasant and nice but dirty bastards. Two and a half years ago it had the benediction of intimacy (Blackstone: see ADULTERY) but now it's like exposing yourself in a bawdy house. It's an obscure art, by god, you dirty bastards of pains in the asses, for a select and wilful and lunatic cult, and if everybody's going to get on and ride, I'll walk. I can't lay an egg but I'm one hell of a judge of omelets. You gotta know how, every tub on its bottom, and I won't tell; none of us old bastards who fought for Cuba Libre a decade ago will tell. The guy that plugged McKinley was shooting at me, that's what all the shooting's about; I pulled my ass in then, but now it's way out again. Bix was like me, and Harry James would be if I'd let him. Bix was like me till HRS reissued him. You don't know. So who is there left but Becker and me, and why let Becker in, he was in diapers when Benny spelled it Bennie (hic), and what am I, you nice kids, pains in the asses, Ernest Hemingway or Charles Edward Smith, or something foul in the way of a punk, I mean pun? Or a shameful exhibitionist. Don't pity Bix and me. Bix is dead, and I'd rather be dead than president of the label boys. Besides, I was a label boy at Manila. It wasn't a masquerade, but I went to the Southland as a Chinaman. And where were the label boys, those pleasant bastards? I know but I won't tell. And no fair reading my record review; Mag--I mean Mademoiselle -- pays me for that, and reading it is like peeking into the girls' toilet.

Yours in sport,

"Luis Angel Firpo."

Postscriptum: Recherche du Temps Lousy: MADISON 1935 (b) -- (3572): BLACK STOMP :: 1935 (a) -- (3573): WA DA JA DA BLUES :: :: :: :: Atlanta Merry-makers?

Chappaqua, N. Y.
April 22

To The Editor:

I might as well own up. I'm one of those dirty bastards, those pains in the asses, those jerks, those members of the lunatic fringe who have commercialized jazz. Bill Love and I and a lot of others are the guys who have left shoddiness and acrobatics thriving where sincerity and good taste flourished.

But how did we do it? That's what I want to know.

Love's article on labels apparently capped our long line of transgressions. It put us right out in the open, and the temptation was too strong for the J. Whitney Beckers. First Philip K. Anthony cracks about the lunatic fringe. And now George Frazier gives expression to a gripe of long standing.

I have read "Recherche du Temps Perdido" five times and I can't figure out just what we label boys have done to bring down the wrath of one of our most eminent critics. The burden of Frazier's piece seems to be that collectors are responsible -- or at least responsible in large part -- for the commercialization of jazz musicians. Frazier says that Harry James can play fine "if only the dirty bastards would let him." Such a charge, of course, is a lot of nonsense. Butting one's head against commercialism is a pretty futile business, and once in awhile it's nice to take a vacation and pick out some likely goat for relaxation. So we label boys have to take it.

To my knowledge and my taste, George Frazier has always been all right. But I think that "Recherche du Temps Perdido" displays a spleen bigotry, leavened with a few words on tolerance ("We didn't insist that Gershwin stunk merely because he wasn't hot"). And it shows shortsightedness, too.

Let's get this label boys business straight. Anyone who condemns the label boys condemns all collectors. Wanting the original label is a natural step from wanting the original record. When I say collector, I don't mean the boys who buy a few Bluebirds now and then. I mean those of us who want the original record (and maybe the label) and who get a kick out of getting something everyone else doesn't have and who are willing to pay a premium (in money or in labor) for it.

The real collectors got that way because they like the music. When they choose to throw in a few angles to liven up the chase and make it a little tougher, what difference does it make? If collecting detracts from the music, as Frazier argues, it may also be argued that it adds to its stature. The labels or the original records are not more important than the music to the collectors I know. If they are, how do you account for the fact that many collectors buy reissues pending such time as they acquire the originals?

The argument between the collectors and the non-collectors is a (Continued on Page 4)

NEW RECORDS

SIDNEY BECHET'S Blue Note Quartet (Blue Note 13, 502) Lonesome Blues -- Dear Old Southland (12 inches); Saturday Night Blues -- Bechet's Steady Rider. Sidney Bechet, clarinet and soprano sax; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Pop Foster, bass; Sidney Catlett, drums.

Scoring a remarkable triumph, Blue Note presents not only the best of all its recordings (piano solos excluded), but the best records made by Sidney Bechet in years. "Lonesome Blues" and "Saturday Night Blues" are almost perfect of their kind, and make a notable addition to the recorded testimony of Bechet's genius.

Several points about the session are worth considering. In the first place, solo records were made. We lose the benefit of Sidney's ability to inspire his fellow musicians; we gain, on the other hand, by the absence of inferior artists. Recent examples prove that if the music as a whole is to come up to the level he always maintains, Sidney must be accompanied by men of the stature of Louis Armstrong or Tommy Ladnier.

These solo records, then, permit full attention to be directed to Bechet himself. The rhythm section lacks a piano, and the lack is not regrettable. Bunn and Foster provide ample background without interfering, and Catlett's superlative drumming keeps perfect time while it sensitively advances the mood. Another important point is that on three sides, Bechet plays clarinet only. To this instrument he brings much of the technique he employs on soprano sax; the direct, lyrical high notes, the sweeping phrases. And for slow, lyric performances, in which the broad tone of the soprano can be rather palliating, this too is an advantage.

"Lonesome Blues" is a touching memorial to the famous record in which Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds created some of the most moving blues ever put on wax; and a superb work in its own right. The material has been admirably revised to suit Bechet's abilities and the compass of a twelve-inch record. As Sidney plays the theme it is no longer Dodds' passionate, broken wail. Bechet is never as sad as that, and with a quality of subtle melancholy he combines his characteristically lyric joy, in soaring high notes and beautifully rounded descending phrases. The form of the recording is delightful. For the first two choruses, Bechet repeats the theme with a slight variation. In the next two, Teddy Bunn leaves off his chording to play delicate single string improvisations in sensitive contrast to Bechet's warm, quiet low register. Return-

ing to the highs, Sidney makes a little more free with the melody while Catlett's emphasis increases. By the beginning of the sixth chorus, Bechet is holding a long high note, and Bunn comes in again to strum the first few bars of the theme, way down. Finally Sidney takes over again with a few free phrases and back to the old "Lonesome Blues" for an effective conclusion. This is a record with rare simplicity and genuine feeling.

"Saturday Night Blues" is even simpler; just a few quiet choruses of improvisation on the "How Long" blues form; and with a quiet intensity which becomes more effective with each hearing. As straight blues, invoking no historical memories, it is perhaps even finer than "Lonesome Blues".

"Bechet's Steady Rider" is less to our taste. A rather fast blues, it seems to have strained Sidney's clarinet technique in too many places; indeed, his soprano is far more effective in this kind of music. In "Dear Old Southland" he returns to the soprano; and again, the nature of the recording permits full expression of his personality. Slow, thoughtful and dramatic at the beginning, the music becomes increasingly savage until the expected break into double time for a spirited conclusion. Nearer the popular than the other sides, this is still to our mind far more successful than Bechet's Blue Note solo of "Summertime". Just as both sides of No. 502 were properly confined to three minutes, incidentally, both sides of No. 13 are excellent examples of the uses to which a twelve-inch surface may be put.

JIMMIE YANCEY (Vo 05464) East St. Louis Blues -- I Received A Letter. Jimmie Yancey, piano, with blues vocal by Faber Smith.

The most extraordinary thing about this record is the mere fact that within a year of his rediscovery, Jimmie Yancey appears on an ordinary race record -- which might just as well have been made five, or fifteen, years ago. The word "ordinary" is used advisedly; for the record is far from sharing the stirring quality of Yancey's piano solos on Solo Art. It's good piano, of course, in an old-time vein which rather reminds us of Jelly Roll Morton's slow blues on the General label; but uninspired for the most part, and a bit thin. The singer has a pretty "white" voice. A disappointing record, but worth having as a secondary example of Yancey's playing.

CHARLES SEGAR (Vo 05441) Stop And Fix It Mama -- Key To The Highway. Our apologies to any of our readers



Charles Peterson

SIDNEY BECHET

who may have been deceived when we accepted as true a Columbia release stating that Jimmie Yancey accompanied Charlie Segar's singing on this record. As soon as the record was issued, it was evident that this could not be true. Our Chicago correspondent Mr. Steiner now informs us that Segar himself (whose Decca solos, you remember, bill him as "Keyboard Wizard Supreme"), played piano at this session. Considered on its own merits, then, "Key To The Highway" is better than average. Segar's singing is passable (and more authentically blues than Faber Smith's); his piano is full and relaxed.

FRANKIE TRUMBAUER'S Orchestra (Va 8256) Sugar Foot Stomp -- I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance. This is as thoroughly unsatisfying a version of the great King Oliver tune as could be imagined. The traditional solos are forgotten; instead, the arrangement offers some worthless innovations, with a particularly bad final chorus. The performance has no swing, and the rhythm section is pathetic.

LIONEL HAMPTON'S Orchestra (Vi 26-557) Singin' The Blues -- Dinah. Benny Carter, trumpet; Edmund Hall, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums.

Hampton's latest pick-up group had a personnel unusual in several respects. Note especially the welcome presence of drummer Zutty Singleton, whose recording dates have been far fewer than his ability

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READERS' COMMENTS

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vain one. Either you have the collector's instinct or you don't. And the people who don't have it can't understand what makes it so interesting to those who do have it.

I said that Frazier's article was shortsighted. What I meant was that he and the Whitney Beckers are damning a lot of guys who have given them music they wouldn't have had otherwise. George Beall gave us the third side of the Chicago Loopers and some Chicago collector found a new Noone with Hines. Some other collector gave us the Dodds "New Orleans Stomp" with Louis. Bill Russell gave us several Louis accompaniments. Beall and others were instrumental in uncovering a mine of fine stuff on Paramount. And Delaunay's "Discography" -- how about that? Is none of this worthwhile?

Anthony, in his letter to Jazz Information, unwittingly points to one of the helpful tasks that collectors the world over are slowly accomplishing. Rather than devote its pages to such foibles as labels, he suggested, Jazz Information might better turn its columns over to an attempt to line up record numbers with the dates of issue or recording. The results of Love's label study will help to establish exactly what Anthony wants. Love is now working to ascertain the periods in which the various labels were used.

The article on original labels was swell stuff for J. I. Now perhaps someone will tackle envelopes soon, and maybe a thorough job on record catalogues and supplements will be forthcoming. I don't care about either, but if some collector cares to branch out in that direction, I say go to it. I've always hoped that record collecting would acquire all the vagaries and fine points of book collecting. Bill Love's article was a hopeful sign. We jerks are pretty happy about it.

Dick Rieber.

Exeter, N. H.
April 11

To The Editor:

I have just finished reading George Frazier's "Recherche du Temps Perdido", and I feel that perhaps some of the points he raises need a more definitive treatment.

First it is necessary that I give some outline of my own background. During the last two years of prep school, some ten years ago, I had the privilege of having for

a friend an instructor who knew, intimately, Beiderbecke, Armstrong, Hines and the rest of the group of musicians playing hot jazz in Chicago between 1926 and 1929. I play piano, sax, clarinet, drums, bass, and trumpet, and while I do not class myself as a good "hot" man, I feel that I am at least intimately acquainted with the technical problems involved in trying to play hot jazz. I left orchestra work in 1938. I have collected hot jazz records since 1930. Furthermore, my taste in music is rather catholic, ranging from Palestrina and Bach to Stravinsky and hot jazz -- but definitely excluding commercial dance music.

Let us turn to the points advanced by Frazier. They are first, the corruption of potentially good hot jazz musicians by the commercial demands of popular music; second, the innate asininity of label or first edition collectors; third, the lack of a sense of values prevalent today, and fourth, the lack of sincerity of present day musicians. In order to discuss these points to some purpose, a few principles and definitions must be laid down, so that we may have a common point of departure.

The first of these must be a fairly clear idea of what constitutes hot jazz. To achieve this, I propose to discuss hot jazz from several different aspects, rather than define it. Hot jazz is, before all else, musicians' music. I have found that whenever musicians of taste and ability get together unhampered by commercial restrictions, the music they turn to for their own enjoyment is hot jazz. Jazz is played by men who have something to say, musically. Like all communications, it requires an intelligible method of communication.

For hot jazz, the vehicle which carries the idea is the so-called "jazz idiom", which is marked by certain peculiar characteristics of intonation, etc. The thing that makes one item of hot jazz more important (or hotter, to use the current term) than another, is the relative importance and sincerity of the ideas expressed. This is equally true of any other form of expression. It is the factor that makes "Oedipus Rex" a far greater play than some bit of froth such as "The Man Who Came To Dinner".

The other necessary concept is the function of the record as related to hot jazz. The record, as to jazz as the score is to Beethoven's symphonies, as the printed book is to Newton's "Principia". It is the means by which musical ideas may be preserved for future study and enjoyment. With these two concepts as a point of departure, let us proceed to a detailed consideration of Mr. Frazier's arguments.

First: potentially good hot jazz musicians are corrupted by the demands of popular dance music. Yes:

but all of us have done many 'uncongenial things in pursuit of our bread and butter. These men do no differently. The important thing to remember is that while many of them must play commercially to live, they may also at times have important and sincere ideas to express. If they also possess sufficient technical ability to express them, they should be given a hearing unbiased by consideration of their commercial work. Spengler says that the discrepancy between the ideal and the actual is the greatest tragedy of western civilization. This is nowhere more true than in the limited aspect of that civilization known as hot jazz.

Second: label or first edition collectors are asinine. The point is trivial. I do not propose to discuss the collecting mania. Label collecting is of the same order of insanity as stamp collecting. Surely Mr. Frazier would not berate a stamp collector -- whose collection would inevitably include many fine engravings -- for not being interested in a collection of Hogarth's engravings. A label collector may also understand and appreciate hot jazz; but the fact that he is interested in the label has no bearing on that appreciation.

Third: a sense of values, which existed in the early days of hot jazz, is lacking today. To establish the values to which Mr. Frazier refers would require an unduly long exposition; I will simply assume that we have here a common scale of values. (From perusing Mr. Frazier's writings over a period of some years, I am more impressed with his high "emotional potential" than with his scale of values in any absolute sense.) We may assume that such an absolute scale of values did exist during the "golden age" of jazz, and that it is still valid today. To what extent was that scale of values held by the public during the "golden age" and today? I propose that we consider record sales a valid criterion of the extent. This is the only objective, readily available evidence of an appreciation of truly hot jazz. The fact is that the volume of sales of the most excellent records of the genre was deplorably small. The number of intelligent listeners must have been even smaller. Until 1935 record dealers used to apply the phrase "musicians' stuff" to hot jazz. Most of them carefully avoided it. Musicians were not good customers. They were too poor.

Most hot jazz listeners, then, were musicians; and the same is true today. The swing addict may now and then acquire a good record, but he never understands it and it soon passes into the junkpile. The volume of hot jazz recordings today is greater, but the increase may easily be accounted for by the general upward trend of all record sales. In conclusion, I contend

that the same values are still in existence today. That the same class of people, namely musicians and a few unusually perceptive laymen, held them then and hold them now. That the great mass of the people have never understood hot jazz, do not, and never will. At a hazard I would say that what irritates Mr. Frazier is the fairly close kinship of swing and hot jazz. Not in content, of course, but in method. I gather that as long as the "nice, pleasant kids" were content with Lombardo et al., he didn't object. What bothers him is the fact that many ignorant people believe commercial swing to be hot jazz, and so pay competent technicians to give it to them.

The fourth point is trivial. Only a man who holds to the fallacy of "art for art's sake" could have the face to advance it. Says Mr. Frazier, "We were thankful for Teagarden in 'Louise', but we didn't condemn Pollack because the record was mostly sweet." Teagarden played hot while the rest of the band played sweet. People wanted it sweet and Mr. Frazier was extremely lucky to get even one chorus. Today on some of the records a solo or two may be hot and the rest of the record commercial swing. People want commercial swing, and we are lucky to get those one or two choruses. Mr. Frazier has no ground on which to base his assertion that today's musicians are insincere. Such a position must be due to confusion of their bread-and-butter output with the music they play from the heart. It was comparatively easy to isolate a hot horn in a predominantly sweet band. Because of the kinship of commercial swing and hot jazz (as to their method), it is now more difficult to make the distinction. However, if you have an absolute sense of values, and a certain amount of analytic ability, it can be done.

That, I believe, takes care of the rational positions in "Recherche du Temps Perdu". I do not propose an answer to the bulk of it, which is fundamentally emotional. The title itself is a clue to its irrationality. We might translate it roughly as "There Was The Good Old Days". A frame of mind to which there is, of course, no answer. It is my belief that for effective criticism in any field there must be an acceptable and fairly constant scale of values, and an honest and rational application of those values to the matter under discussion.

Blair Kinsman.

COLLECTORS' ITEMS

(Continued from Page 2)

Blues', Oriole 1022, on which aural inspection makes suspect the presence of Nichols, Mole, Rollini, Dorsey on alto, Schutt, and Berton.

"The Three Jolly Minors, 'Chicago Buck Step -- F Minor Blues', Vocalion 15271. The following clues may be sufficient. The Three Jolly Minors, consisting of a prominent clarinet with inconspicuous banjo and piano accompaniment, recorded also 'Charleston Clarinet Blues -- Freakish Blues', Vocalion 15009, and 'Plain Old Blues -- Ketch Your Breath', Vocalion 15111. The latter four titles are credited to Fuller and Meyer. With similar accompaniment Bob Fuller, clarinetist, recorded 'Growin' Old Blues', Ajax 17117, and 'Black Cat Blues -- Too Bad Jim', Columbia 14068. In the latter pair of sides Fuller and Hooper are credited with the compositions. A comparison indicates that the same man solos on all sides. His shrill, forced tone and riff style, only vaguely hot, are quite characteristic. His improvement in technical facility in the Columbia job over that on Ajax is easily apparent.

"In our opinion Fuller based his style on an admiration for the comedy clarinet more than on anything resembling hot jazz; therefore his niche lies somewhere between the Senter-Lewis-Douglas Williams and the Nicholas-O'Bryant shelves.

"The Dixie Four, 'Kentucky Stomp -- St. Louis Man', Paramount 12661. The same group waxed 'South Side Stomp -- Five O'Clock Stomp', Paramount 12674. Almost certainly it was the same rhythm quartet, under the name of the Midnight Rounders, who repeated the performance of 'Five O'Clock' on Vocalion 1218 with slight variation, except in the title which was changed to 'Shake Your Shimmy'. On the latter label the tune was credited to Blythe. The style of the pianist further confirms our notion that these are Jimmy Blythe groups.

* * *

E. Scovil Street, of Cleveland, writes that he has the Washingtonians' "Rainy Nights" (see No. 27), on Broadway 11437, master number T2006. It's certainly an Ellington, he says -- Tricky Sam can easily be heard. But the listing in Discography as "Rainy Day", Bd 11437, he suggests, refers to his Broadway item and not to a Buddy record. If this is true both the title and the abbreviation given by Delaunay are incorrect; but that's far from impossible.

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Anyone possessing copies of the Ma Rainey Paramounts No. 12081 and 12926 is requested to send full information on them to this department: titles, name and instrumentation of accompaniments, and master numbers.

* * *

Monte Ballou of Portland, Ore., wants information on the records of Naylor's Seven Aces on Gennett.

He lists two: "Ain't That Hateful" (8748) -- "Rin'leberg Blues" (8742), Gennett 5393, and "High Society" (8740) -- "31st Street Blues" (8747), Gennett 5392. The first half of each side is only fair, he comments, but the all-ins ride on out. Fine trumpet and good trombone.

According to "Rhythm on Record" Oliver Naylor, born in New Orleans, was among the earliest dance band leaders in America. Another Gennett record, listed by Schleman, is "Bye Bye Baby -- You And I", Gennett 5643. In later years Naylor has been working in Philadelphia. Perhaps someone there or elsewhere can supply the personnel for these discs? Though, as Mr. Ballou comments, they're not particularly important.

* * *

According to Charlie Campbell of Los Angeles, Art Tatum did not play on Jack Teagarden's Brunswick records ("Junk Man", "Stars Fell On Alabama", "Your Guess Is Just As Good As Mine"). Tatum told Campbell that he rehearsed with this group, but when the date came up his recording contracts prevented him from appearing on it. It may also be of interest that Tatum was set to record on Louis Armstrong's "Knockin' A' Jug" date. In this case, too, he had rehearsed with the boys, but was prevented from actually recording. Joe Sullivan took his place.

NEW RECORDS

(Continued from Page 3)

deserves. As usual with Hampton's recordings, however, these are not very inspired. "Singin' The Blues" has the melody, in the first chorus, arranged (and re-phrased) for three-part harmony; Joe Sullivan's restrained solo completes the chorus. Hawkins' solo, decorated by an unnecessary vibraharp obligato, has a few high spots reminiscent of the melancholy intonations in his older discs. "Dinah" begins with Carter's solo. He plays well, but with a rather affected jerky mannerism, and some uneconomical glide phrases. Hawkins' power solo is followed by Hampton with his classical hand-me-downs, then a riffy close.

DUKE ELLINGTON'S Orchestra (Co 35-427) Mood Indigo -- Solitude. Wallace Jones, Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, trombones; Otto Hardwick, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, Harry Carney, saxes; Duke Ellington, piano; Fred Guy, guitar; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums; Ivy Anderson, vocals.

With the latest Ellington waxings coming out on Victor, Columbia releases new recordings of two of Duke's most popular compositions. (Continued on Page 6)

Chicago

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two blocks away to the It Club at 55th and Michigan. Laura's new set-up is, particularly handy for amateur recording fans, and they've been making the most of it.

As if to balance waning cafe activity on the South Side, the theatres and ballrooms are beginning to bring in more music. On Sunday night the Savoy had the Inkspots with their (?) orchestra. Last week the Regal put on a swell show with Les Hite's band, a rare opportunity for both the band and the listeners. The Regal gave the band a full hour and a clean stage, without the usual pollution of acts and hokum. In a well-balanced display, Hite produced half-a-dozen capable soloists, played some good jazz in a concert arrangement of "It Ain't Necessarily So", riffed through "Tuxedo Junction" and a similar tune, and neatly wrapped up several standards. The blues boy, T-Bone Walker, evoked enthusiasm just short of pandemonium. Johnny Davis, who played Hammond's Paramount last week, follows Hite into the Regal.

Pianist Harry Youngblood has the only sepiu music in the White City neighborhood. He has a trio at Joe's Delux Cabaret, 65th and South Park, across the street from White City's ballroom, formerly the mecca of hot jazz fans, where Cook and Creath and Tate and dozens of the best old timers have done turns. Today White City is four square sweet -- and second-rate.

Charlie Allen has started Thursday night sessions in his Boosters Inn at Pershing and Langley. Jukebox returns have taken a downward trend, apparently.

Johnny Dodds is devoting all his time to managing his flats in the 4900's on South Michigan. On a visit from New York recently, Mary Karolie stopped in on Dodds and found him with little enthusiasm for the rigors of night-life jazz. Baby Dodds, Nat Dominique, Leo Montgomery, Lonnie Johnson, and Tubby Hall are others currently without full-time posts.

Both Crosby's and Pollack's commercial-stuffed broadcasts gainsay their jazz repertoires. Perhaps Spring, perhaps the absence of convention crowds, perhaps the competition of these two bands only three blocks apart, reduces their draw; less than half-houses on most mid-week evenings.

-- John Steiner.

NEW RECORDS

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In some of the new versions of more important (and hotter) Ellington originals, there has been a pronounced tendency to lay on the ef-

fects too heavily. These songs, however, are very pleasantly arranged, and Ivy's vocals are better than usual. Cootie Williams and Ben Webster are excellent on "Indigo"; the first uniquely relaxed, the second playing the simple, effective tenor style which Hawkins and Choo Berry have given up.

BOB CROSEY'S BOB CATS (De 3080) V. M. I. Spirit -- Tech Triumph. Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Warren Smith, trombone; Irving Fazola, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor; Jess Stacy, piano; Nappy Lamare, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Ray Bauduc, drums.

College marches are better suited to the Bob Cats' style than the average run of pop tunes, and these two sides swing well enough. Billy Butterfield shines with a jabbing trumpet solo, and Warren Smith contributes his dependable jazz trombone. Alumni of the respective colleges will probably be disappointed in Bob Crosby's somewhat anemic vocals.

CAB CALLOWAY'S Orchestra (Vo 5467) Paradiddle -- Pickin' The Cabbage. Two swing originals without Cab's vocals. "Paradiddle" is a drummer's record, featuring Cozy Cole's remarkable technique at great length. The reverse, credited to trumpeter "Dizzy" Gillespie, features his powerful trumpet between the sour and banal riffs.

STUFF SMITH'S Orchestra (Va 8251) It's Up To You -- Joshua. Only interest of this record is that the first title has the first recorded vocal of Stella Brooks, well known to New Yorkers who heard her at various Village spots and more recently at the Famous Door. The tune is a Stuff Smith composition, and not well suited to Stella's original style.

LEROY'S BUDDY, Bill Gaither (De 77-24) Evil Yalla Woman -- It's Too Late Now. Unlike Bill Gaither's last record, this was recorded in Chicago; and the pianist is Honey Hill, his usual accompanist. "Evil Yalla Woman" is particularly fine, with Bill singing lazily while Hill plays his strong, legato blues with noticeable Pine Top influence. To make the coupling even better, the recording is unusually clear.

SONNY TERRY and OH RED (Vo 05453) Harmonica And Washboard Breakdown -- Harmonica Blues. An extraordinarily good race coupling by Sonny Terry, the half-blind harmonica artist who has been featured twice at the annual "Spirituals To Swing" concert, and as accompanist on Blind Boy Fuller's Vocalion blues records. "Harmonica Blues", Sonny alone singing and playing harmonica (his own version of "Rock Me Daddy"), is less exciting than the reverse, on which he is backed by Fuller's washboard man. Terry sings riffs and snatches of blues verses in a peculiar falsetto, alternating singing with harmonica so rapidly

that there might be two men at work. His one-man "answer" choruses are specially fine. The "Breakdown" is as unusual and entertaining as any race item in many months.

BIG BILL (Vo 05452) Looking For My Baby -- Plow Hand Blues. As usual, Big Bill has something to sing about, and does it well. The accompaniment, by piano, guitar, and drums, is good.

SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON (BB 8403) Joe Louis And John Henry Blues -- Thinking My Blues Away. Another fine record with Sonny Boy singing and playing harmonica, accompanied by piano (Walter Davis) and guitar. Sonny Boy's choked style is unusually moving in "Thinking My Blues Away".

BO CARTER (BB 8397) The County Farm Blues -- Arrangement For Me-Blues. Bo Carter's return to the race catalogue after a long absence shows him a good singer, with a pleasing and individual way of ending his phrases on a plaintive note. The guitar accompaniment is adequate.

BLUE BOY (Va 6052) Sorry Blues -- Back Biter Blues. "Blue Boy" is the same as "Tall Tom", whose "Easy Papa" and "You Broke My Heart" were reissued on Varsity 6030. This new coupling is from the same recording session (masters 15520 and 15517), and quite as good: hearty singing, authentic blues piano and excellent clarinet accompaniment.

BIG RICHARD (Va 6055) Nobody's Business If I Do -- Snake Hip Blues. "Snake Hip" is a fairly good blues with good piano accompaniment; the other side, by a different singer, has washboard and guitars (?).

MAE MUFF (Va 6053) Big Gun Blues -- Grasshopper Papa. As this and the preceding item indicate, someone at United States Records is having fun thinking up new names for the artists on its reissued race list. Mae turns out to be a more than usually good singer, but the numbers don't give her much opportunity.

New York

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Georgia played piano and sang, accompanied by Jonah Jones, trumpet; Fess Williams, clarinet, and Walter Martin, drums.

Greenwich Village's Cafe Society will open an uptown branch on East 58th Street in the fall. Show from downtown, including the Boogie Woogie pianists and the Golden Gate Quartet, will probably move into the new spot. After the expansion, prices at the Sheridan Square spot are to be reduced.

From New Orleans: Hal Jordy and orchestra now playing at Monteleone Hotel. New faces in Julian Laine's outfit at Marty Burke's include old-timers Chink Martin, bass; Roy Posey, tenor sax, and Lester Lala, trumpet.